



Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
**OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.**

Vol. 12. No. 12. 1st February, 1940.



AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB

AUTUMN MEETING

RANDWICK RACECOURSE

MARCH 23rd, 25th, 27th and 30th, 1940

FIRST DAY.

Autumn Plate (Standard W.F.A.)	£1,500
A.J.C. Sires Produce Stakes (For Colts and Fillies Only)	£3,500
Doncaster Handicap	£3,000
The A.J.C. St. Leger	£1,500

SECOND DAY.

The Easter Plate (For Fillies Only)	£1,000
The Sydney Cup (And a Gold Cup, valued at £200.)	£7,000

THIRD DAY.

The All-Aged Plate (Standard W.F.A.)	£1,500
The Champagne Stakes	£2,500
The Cumberland Plate (Standard W.F.A.)	£1,250

FOURTH DAY.

The C. W. Cropper Plate	£1,300
The A.J.C. Plate (Standard W.F.A.)	£1,250

Special Trams direct to the Racecourse. Broadcast description of races to all enclosures.

Programmes showing full particulars may be obtained at A.J.C. Office.

6 Bligh Street, SYDNEY.

GEO. T. ROWE, Secretary.



Established 1858

TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club
157 Elizabeth Street
Sydney*

Chairman:
W. W. HILL

•

Treasurer:
S. E. CHATTERTON

•

Committee:
H. C. BARTLEY
GEORGE CHIENE
JOHN HICKEY
A. J. MATTHEWS
JOHN H. O'DEA
JOHN A. ROLES
W. J. SMITH
F. G. UNDERWOOD

•

Secretary:
T. T. MANNING

Vol 12.

FEBRUARY 1, 1940.

No. 12.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 11th May, 1940.

The Club Man's Diary

February Birthdays: 1st, W. T. Wood; 2nd, E. E. Hirst; 6th, C. O. Chambers; 8th, F. I. Stanton, A. J. M. Kelly; 11th, S. W. Griffith; 13th, H. M. Norton, H. G. Hall, A. J. Matthews; 25th, H. S. Clissold.

*The warmth that creeps about our hearts
When February comes,
The bird whose twitter mem'ry starts,
The bee who merry bums
A chanson honey-toned to Time,
Bemused by magic brew,
Blends fine into a frevent rhyme
To spice a toast—to you!*

* * *

Everybody who makes of racing a sport, more than a business, has a favourite horse, or retains the memory of one. Mine is Poitrel. Pretty solid backing of that preference came recently in club room conversation from Mr. T. Stain, who declared: "Poitrel was the cleanest-winded horse I ever saw. Stacked up against champions of the past and the present — not excluding Carbine and Phar Lap — my money would be on Poitrel over three miles." As Mr. Stain has been a turf patron since 1869—that is, since his early boyhood—his opinion should be worth while.

I am not expertly equipped—or even sufficiently well-informed—to compare champions of the present with those of the past. I have a "feeling" this way and that way; for example, among the greatest Melbourne Cup victories ever must be that of Windbag.

Now, you experts, don't commence crowding on my toes; but this is why; he beat Manfred. Not only that—Jimmy Munro had to start Windbag's run much sooner than ordinarily. Terrific pressure was applied from probably a furlong further back than would have been deemed necessary under ruling conditions not so extraordinary.

Windbag humped 9st. 2 lbs; Manfred 7st. 9lbs. Certainly, one was a four-year-old; the other a three-year-old. But Manfred was

rated by experts "the colt of the century." Breaking that down to the measure of his being the greatest three-year-old in many seasons, remembering his age and Derby performance (apart from the leisurely pace of the field over the first furlong), Manfred was no more over-weighted at 7st. 9lbs. than was Windbag at 9st. 2lbs. Yet with "the colt of the century" at his girths, over a long-sustained finishing run, Windbag did not flinch.

One day at lunch in the Club—many years after—I angled for the reactions of George Price to that Cup epic. He responded to my wordy tribute in a mere sentence: "Windbag was a game horse." Those who know George as a man of very few words may read a volume into so little as the foregoing acknowledgement.

Why I was emboldened to write so much as has gone before was because of an unusual comment by a Club man, who knows his racing from the inside. "The opinions, even the small talk, of those who are not so well versed as we, interest us more than the solid stuff," he said. "Our thinking, and much of our conversation, are along stereotyped lines. Necessarily so. Racing is a business to us; nothing more. Those who go along chiefly for the sport's sake, for the kick they get out of an occasional modest punt, and a pleasant spice to everyday discussions." Then, addressing me in particular, he added: "Why don't you give us some of that stuff?"

* * *

*The snobbish camel likes to pose
And haughtily stare down its nose
At those of us who cannot go
Without a drink nine days or so . . .
I'll sign the pledge to let him see
It all is cam-el fault with me!*

* * *

Occasional football pars excite interest among the fellows who remember—some of them by scars.

At the N.S.W.-South Australia cricket match, when the subject had to do with records and greatest-evers, Mr. Jack Manning's company in a round of drinks inspired someone to ask of the former international: "Which was the greatest team in your memory?" Mr. Manning deferred to me, evidently seeking a lead. Without hesitating, I nominated the 1903 All Blacks. "A great team," he agreed, "but a greater one—indeed, greatest of all—was that British team led by Bedell-Sivright in 1904." Later in the day I told Dr. Howard Bullock, also a former international, of the discussions. "Both great teams," he said, "but maybe you nominated the greater."

* * *

Ken Austin's name made the news recently when he took over the Inglewood Stud at Kaiapoi, Canterbury (N.Z.). Previously he had been managing director of the Elderslie Stud at Omaru, and which was dispersed last year. Ken will be remembered kindly here as a member of the firm of Chisholm's, now defunct, as active polo player and administrator, as first-rate amateur horseman and as ardent patron of the turf. Horseflesh was, and evidently remains, his passion. As we remember him, he had a fine pair of hands and a keen eye. He sized 'em up and handled 'em as if he spoke their language.

Those were rousing gallops he had down the Randwick straight, trailing the Prince of Wales (now the Duke of Windsor) on horses placed at disposal by the late John (Baron) Brown. H.R.H. took a fancy to Prince Viridis, and a noble creature it looked, accounted faultlessly, with white bridle an' everything.

The Prince would dearly have liked to ride Poitrel, but it was explained discreetly that the champion was at that stage "on his toes"—as a matter of fact in preparation for the Melbourne Cup, which he won. Edward P., as he then signed him-

self, didn't press the issue. The possibility of anything happening to the then heir to the throne, and to a valuable horse, all at the one time, was too much to stomach as a one-day incident.

By the way, it isn't generally known that the best horseman of the Royal Family is the King. The Duke of Kent is credited with riding like a sailor, and the Duke of Gloucester like the Duke of Windsor. After many futile attempts to remain in the saddle over the fences, the last-named, when he was Prince of Wales, was referred to in an English sporting paper as "the heir to the thrown"—a tilt which H.R.H. greatly enjoyed.

* * *

The name of the affectionately-remembered George Marlow cropped up in conversation in the club room recently. Someone had recalled a declaration by the late Sir James Murdoch at a gathering of sportsmen. "I would rather, in after-life, be with sportsmen below, than with the unco' guid in the realms above."

George Marlow proclaimed for himself a discreet neutrality: "I would sooner be on the dividing line, so that I might hear the moans of those above and the cheers of those below."

That reminiscence set others thinking back. Someone recalled of the late Joe Wangenheim that, when once left in control by Bill Kelso while the latter went across to Melbourne, Joe's only accomplishment for the stables was a dead-heat; whereupon Bill wired congratulations to "the dead-heat trainer."

* * *

Reported that Mae West has offered to go along with the British convoys and repeat her famous invitation: "Come up and see me sometime" to U-boat commanders lurking on the bottom of the Atlantic.

I know of something vastly more exciting than waiting for the right horse to win. It is, as Mr. Joe Matthews will agree, waiting over those final days (and nights) for news of the arrival of the first-born of your family. There are fluctuating periods of anxiety and of re-assurance, one to the other, ere realisation comes with the ripening of time. Then a strange tenderness tingles your blood. A little bundle is borne towards you; contents guaranteed the most wonderful in the world, as Joe Matthews will agree.

The baby, a boy, was born on 24th January. We join with every Club member in extending our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, and in wishing that their cherished possession will be blessed, with them, of good health and good fortune in the years to come.

* * *

Mademoiselle from Armentieres, in whose honour Allied soldiers sang in the 1914-18 war, and of whom this war's warriors are singing again, still lives. She is Marie Marceau, 50 years old, the wife of a truck driver in a village far from Armentieres. Mademoiselle was 25 with a mane of black hair that was her pride when she was a bar girl in the Cafe de la Paix in Armentieres when the British were garrisoned there. Reginald Rowlands, a British sergeant, saw her at the bar one day and wrote: "Mademoiselle from Armentieres" there and then.

To-day Marie is faded and haggard and wracked with a cough from a gassing she suffered when the Germans bombarded Armentieres in 1917. In broken French and the profane English she learned from the soldiers, Marie speaks of the old days, of the time, for instance, when she slapped a General. She sings "Mademoiselle from Armentieres," breaking into a cackling laugh over the line: "Never been kissed for 40 years."

She has a daughter who has been married and has a daughter of her

own. There is now a new war song: "The Daughter of Mademoiselle from Armentieres."

* * *

Star American athlete, Horace Roewar, had his Christian name changed legally to Edward. His legal adviser said: His present name is distasteful to him and has caused embarrassment in social and athletic activities. He seems to think Horace a classified name, in a class with Reginald, Perry, Archibald."

The combined weight of Reg. Inglis and Reg. Alderson—not to mention that of Reg. Blue and Reg. Moses—crushes the idea of classing the Reginalds in anything but the He-man species. Anyhow, none should recoil from a name such as Horace—he of the Odes, the Satires, and the Epistles, and the military tribune under Brutus.

* * *

The only way to find out what is happening in the world to-day is to consider the day's news, not as an isolated thing, but to turn back a hundred years. Author, biographer, and historian Philip Guedalla—known to all who read—made that point in the course of a recent address.

If we read to-day's news with that of yesterday we need not be discouraged, he said, for in the past hundred years freedom for mankind has gone steadily ahead.

"Even dictators who seem so permanent have only the look of permanence, like buildings erected temporarily at a fair. They have not permanence because they are not a result of the steady growth of man's steady progress towards liberation," he said, and went on to quote history over the past century to show: "Unfreedom has stood still and freedom has gone ahead."

Guedalla would probably regard Nazism as one of those recurring manifestations of unfreedom, foredoomed to failure—a challenge, a check to freedom, but not a force permanently to stay freedom's progress.

For Reliable Service

The N.S.W.
**FRESH FOOD
& ICE CO LTD**
25 HARBOUR ST
SYDNEY
Telephone M2981



Milk
Cream
Butter
Ice
Fish
Poultry

ETA *Delicious*
SALTED NUTS



CASHews · ALMONDS
· PEANUTS ·
Take a Jar home with you



**THE PERFECT REFRESHMENT
— THE PERFECT FOOD**

Anytime is time for PETERS Ice Cream—for Peters is a perfect refreshment . . . and a perfect food, bringing to you all the natural nutriment of dairy-fresh, pasteurised milk and cream !

Peters
ICE CREAM

Ways of Escape FROM THE TRUSTEESHIP THAT WORRIES YOU

Do you know that (at little cost and by a simple document) you may now legally hand over to Perpetual Trustee Limited, Estates and Settlements of which you are the Trustee?

The Company can assume all your responsibility to the Estate or Settlement. You may be assured that the trusts will be performed, that the beneficiaries will be fully informed, and their interests in every way safeguarded.

A Senior Officer is always available for consultation but, in the meantime, send for a copy of our new booklet, "Your Executor and Trustee," which explains the Company's methods and charges.

Perpetual Trustee Company Limited

DIRECTORS :
T. H. Kelly (Chairman),
Lieut.-Col. the Hon. T. A. J. Playfair, M.L.C.,
E. R. Knox, K. de L. Cudmore,
H. Norman Pope, Allen C. Lewis,
H. V. Douglass, Managing Director, P. Cureton, Manager.
Executor and Trustee, Agent under Power of Attorney for
Absentees and Others, Administrator, etc.
The financial security the Company offers comprises its own
assets and uncalled Capital exceeding £1,250,000.

33-39 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

Club Veterans

Ten — twenty — thirty — forty years ago, according to the old song which so often we have sung with such gusto under the urge of a festive occasion (with and without accompaniment).

It's a long time ago when you scale up to the climatic forty years; so long as almost to be legendary; a roll call of the ghosts, not the living realities of an extraordinary span of membership such as is revealed in a list appended of those who have been of us, and with us, in no instance less than 40 years, in some instances longer.

It's a great and proud record, one of historic consequence in the club life of the Commonwealth. All that is rich in reminiscence, all that is substantial in progress, all that is coloured by vicissitude, as it has touched the fortunes of sport and of sportsmen, these members of ours embody. Their memories mirror great personalities and great horses of the days that were — as Lawson has it: "In the days when the world was wide."

Coincidentally, the oldest in the list, as it applies to years of membership — Messrs. John R. Hardie and George G. Kiss were elected on the same day in the same year: 28th May, 1884. Mr. Hardie was a member of the Committee from April 13, 1898 till January 14, 1901.

Since the time of their becoming members, the world has become what the modernists like to picture and phrase as "a bright new world." Many of us may have doubts on that score. However, there have been changes so vital and violent in high-sounding terms — dynastically, sociologically, economically, idealogically, culturally, geographically — as to range with the epochal convulsions of all time.

Three major dynasties — those represented by Wilhelm, Franz Josef and Nicholas — have been sunk, apart from more or less minor

monarchies. Lenin, seeking liberation out of the Tsarist terror, compounded a new politico — economic Kultur in communism. Mussolini and his Fascisti, countered with "a corporate State," and Hitler became the greatest international gangster since Genghis Khan. We have seen —again we quote Henry Lawson—"The star of the South rise in the lurid clouds of war," thrice in the span of the membership of Messrs. Hardie and Kiss.

Continuing a fleeting historic survey: Great Britain has had in that period five rulers. There were: a golden Jubilee, a Diamond Jubilee, a record reign (Queen Victoria).

Felt were the first stirrings of Australian nationalism, later to express itself in the creation of the Commonwealth; the days of the political giants — Parkes, Barton, Kingston, Forrest, Deakin; the original Chamberlain ("Joe" of the monocle and the orchid) espousing the Empire preferential fiscal policy of to-day and being regarded as a dangerous visionary.

The great Carbine's first race, and his magnificent contemporaries; Bonner, Massie, Blackham and Turner in cricket; the first New Zealand Rugby Union team to come to Australia and which had H. Y. (now Sir Henry) Braddon among its members; the first English Rugby Union team to visit Australia, and which included A. E. Stoddart, who had in the previous year been a member of the English cricket team.

All those things, all those excitements, they discussed and felt in Club, just as to-day we recall the great horses of our era and marvel at another century by Bradman.

Before the fancy of all those members enumerated in the list a marvellous panorama extends; one so colourful and quick moving that it swings to the corners of another world and back again, as memory

dictates. "I remember him . . . I remember that." Almost they spill history into a golden bowl as they converse. Sometimes I think it a pity someone doesn't bottle it as rare wine for those who will come after them. Where is the biographer to do the bottling?

Study the list, link the names with events, and you will agree that each and everyone recaptures for us to-day a good deal of the grandeur of the past.

Walking side by side with those veterans are members of the second generation: Messrs. J. K. (Ken) and R. K. (Keith) Hardie, sons of Mr. John R. Hardie; Mr. Will Barnes, son of Mr. James Barnes; Mr. Reginald Moses, son of Mr. Frederick A. Moses; Mr. Jim Hackett, son of Mr. James Hackett; Mr. Frank Alldritt, son of Mr. William C. Alldritt; Mr. W. E. Kelso, son of Mr. Wm. Kelso.

Members Elected Up To And Including 1900.

John R. Hardie	28th May,	1884
George G. Kiss	28th May,	1884
John D. Wood	13th Dec.,	1886
Alfred G. Donovan	23rd April,	1887
Edward H. Knight	15th Sept.,	1887
Alfred J. Genge	3rd June,	1889
Herbert Allen	6th Sept.,	1893
Richard Wootton	5th Nov.,	1894
Michael J. Healy	5th April,	1895
R. H. Dangar	29th April,	1895
John Logan	17th Aug.,	1895
Dr. W. McD. Kelly	13th April,	1896
William C. Alldritt	19th Oct.,	1896
James Barnes	19th Oct.,	1896
George Langley	19th Oct.,	1896
John A. Mayo	27th Sept.,	1897
Henry J. Craig	30th Sept.,	1898
Edward J. Stanton	13th Mar.,	1899
Frederick A. Moses	26th Feb.,	1900
William Kelso	4th June,	1900
Frank McGrath	30th July,	1900
Alfred Foley	20th Aug.,	1900
Augustus McEvilly	17th Sept.,	1900

DOING A GOOD JOB

The Australian Jockey Club probably comes in for more adverse criticism than any other racing body in Australia, and no club is less deserving of censure. The club has maintained racing at Randwick over a long period, and in more recent times at Warwick Farm at a very high standard, and racing in Sydney without the A.J.C. would be poor stuff indeed. It has always been the aim of the A.J.C. Committee to keep stakes at the highest possible level at Randwick. Reductions were compulsory during the depression years, but since the return of prosperity the club has steadily increased stakes not only in the more important events, but in the minor races as well. Substantial increases have been made to stakes at the Warwick Farm meetings during the last two or three years, so Sydney owners

have good reason to feel thankful that they have the A.J.C. to study their interests and provide them with good stakes to race for.

Thanks to the A.J.C. and Tattersall's Club, there is much more good racing in Sydney during the summer months than there is in Melbourne. Tattersall's Club sets the spring campaign racing going with the Chelmsford Stakes meeting at Randwick in September, and it is soon followed by the A.J.C. Spring Meeting, at which the Derby, Epsom, and Metropolitan are run. Then the Melbourne spring meetings attract the best of the Sydney horses, but soon after their return there are the A.J.C. and Tattersall's meetings during the Christmas holidays, both clubs providing two days' racing apiece for large stakes. Then the A.J.C. provides another two days of good

sport with its Anniversary meeting, which began at Randwick on the 27th January, when the Challenge Stakes was run. The meeting concluded on 29th January, when the Anniversary Handicap and Adrian Knox Stakes were contested.

Thanks to the foresight with which the A.J.C. Committee arranges its racing dates through the season, there is no need to keep good horses in idleness for any lengthy period. There are good stakes to be picked up at fairly regular intervals through the year. Constructive criticism is always welcomed, but carping criticism which the A.J.C. Committee receives from some quarters is not helpful, and is damaging to the sport.—"The Australasian," January 27, 1940.

Sydney Thoroughbred Yearling Sales

will be held at

NEWMARKET STABLES, RANDWICK
On 26th, 28th and 29th MARCH, 1940

The catalogue comprises 609 Yearlings, and includes drafts from the Leading Studs in N.S.W. and Queensland. Catalogues on application.

Annual Easter Sale

OF BROOD MARES, STALLIONS, UNTRIED STOCK AND RACEHORSES IN TRAINING.

will be held on

MONDAY, 1st APRIL, 1940

(After the conclusion of the Yearling Sales)

ENTRIES INVITED.

WILLIAM INGLIS & SON PTY., LIMITED

The Largest Blood Stock Salesmen in the Commonwealth.

'PHONES : B 6411-B 6412.

HEAD OFFICE : 28 O'CONNELL STREET, SYDNEY.

RURAL MEMBERS

Mr. Frank Watts of Morgiana.

Frank Watts, of Morgiana, Holbrook, possesses one of the cheeriest natures extant — ever effervescent and a tonic to jaded nerves.

Up till 1910 Frank spent his life in the western districts of Victoria. Then he decided to try his fortunes in the Stock and Station Agency business in N.S.W. and selected Henty as the venue where he opened with a partner.

Henty, as is well known, is famed for providing shelter for farmers from oversea, and the new firm, being composed of "new chums", bode ill-faring. A quick business demise was forecast by unanimous verdict.

Instead the newcomers (Watts & Clarke) flourished considerably by virtue of an excellent service aided by personality well beyond the average.

All went well and in 1928 the business was incorporated into the A.M.L. & F. Co. Ltd., and, for the following three years, Frank remained as manager. But, when the big move was made he decided to transfer certain of his interests to the Holbrook district and settled on Narrawa Station. Everything has gone to schedule from beginning to end and, as a result, the subject of this essay has found it convenient to make Randwick his headquarters

for all important meetings as well as lending his presence to all country Picnic outings.

A trip round the world rounded off a lifelong ambition, in 1926, and these days Frank is happy and content on his highly improved property sewn down with excellent pastures.

Mr. Claude E. McIntosh, of Abbotslea, Quirindi.

Claude E. McIntosh, of Abbotslea, Quirindi; is the personification of perseverance.

The days of his youth were spent in the Quirindi district where his dad, the late Peter McIntosh, had built up a big business as general storekeeper.

Came the day when the head of the household decided to make Sydney his headquarters and hied his family to McMahons Point, where many happy years were spent. But, all the time Claude wanted to get on the land. It was his battle-cry morning, noon and night, but there was much water destined to run under the bridge ere that objective could be reached.

An appointment to the staff of W. and A. McArthur Ltd., Warehousemen, of York Street, Sydney,

lent colour to popular opinion that "C.E.Mc" would, sooner or later, occupy the managerial chair of the Quirindi business. Then something happened in a big way which altered the whole outlook.

Pa. McIntosh signed a long contract with the Buick motor car people and in a short time the concern had some hundreds of employees on its staff and agencies throughout the length and breadth of New South Wales.

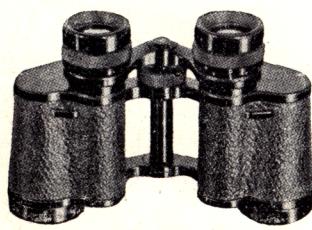
This was round about 1907 and Claude found himself overnight in the throes of latest models in automobiles.

He stuck it in the city in gallant fashion for a time, but still yearned for the wide open spaces.

Being sent to Lismore in charge of the North Coast District appeased somewhat but not quite and to those in the know it was only a matter of time before perseverance would be rewarded.

For some years now Claude has rested a contented head at night, midst surroundings completely to his liking. He deserved such a fate and his too infrequent visits among members is further evidence of his early yearnings for life away from the hustle and bustle of metropolis activities.

ZEISS FIELD GLASSES—



DELTRINTEM.

Some of the last remaining stocks of the New Light Weight "DELTRINTEM" 8 x 30 can be obtained from—

A. J. WHITEHOUSE

OPTICIAN AND OPTOMETRIST,
(formerly of E. J. Paxton Opticians Pty. Ltd.)

PRUDENTIAL BUILDING, MARTIN PLACE. :: TEL.: B 2574.
Ground Floor, entrance Martin Place.

RED CROSS ART UNION

in aid of

THE LADY GOWRIE Australian Red Cross Appeal

1st Prize

"MEDLAR"

TWO-YEAR-OLD FILLY (*Medieval Knight-Raisin*)

Value - - - - £500

2nd Prize

MOTOR CAR—HILLMAN MINX - - Value £345-18-0

3rd Prize

ZEISS GLASSES - - - - - Value £50

4th Prize

DIAMOND RING - - - - - Value £25

All prizes have been donated

Tickets 10/- each

may be obtained from the Secretary, Tattersall's Club

Appeal Office: 11-13 Bond Street, Sydney



TATTERSALL'S CLUB

prides itself on its Dining Room, which in its widest sense is the real social centre of Club activity. Visitors from overseas have repeatedly praised the general conduct and management of this important phase of our establishment, and with this

members will readily agree. Away altogether from the number of regular diners who make the Dining Room their meal-time rendezvous more or less regularly is the patronage being given to the excellent opportunities available for private entertainment in that respect. After all, that is not altogether surprising, for where better than at the head of a table can the average man, when in the company of congenial souls, to whom he is extending the little courtesies and pleasantries of civilised life, show to advantage? The general associations connected with the somewhat mundane, but very necessary process of eating in order to live, have always been, and must continue to be, of considerable moment to the individual, and in a larger community sense, in the general affairs of life. Oscar Wilde made Lord Illingworth say in "A Woman of No Importance," "The man who can dominate a London dinner table, Gerald, can dominate the world," which passage, though perhaps in a somewhat exaggerated way, eloquently draws attention to the importance of one's dining in the ordinary economy of things as they are in the world nowadays.

TAILORS HATTERS SHIRTMAKERS
Exclusive English Suit Lengths

SIM & CHALONER

65 CASTLEREAGH STREET Phone MA 3851

(near King Street)

• Our business has been maintained and extended by kindly recommendation of satisfied customers.

The Story of a Campaign Against the Bank of Monte Carlo

By W. J. P. FITZGERALD

*"As I walk along the Bois Bou-long
with an independent air,
You can hear the girls declare: He
must be a millionaire;
You can hear them sigh and wish
to die,
You can see them wink the other
eye
At the man who broke the bank
at Monte Carlo."*

You know it, of course—that old-time song—but it wears well, and to me it brings *memories*—so I'll tell you the story.

I used to gamble a little in those days—and having a bit of a flair for mathematics, I got the idea of seeking a system of betting which would be based on a mathematical principle, as the game of Roulette is, and which would enable me to defeat the Bank, whose romantic story very much appealed to me.

After studying numerous betting systems which had been tried there and had failed, I devised one that seemed to be the most perfect possible—mathematically speaking—and the next thing was to see if it would work in practice.

Try-outs, in many thousands of spins of the Roulette wheel, gave winning results. A similar success followed against 3,000 spins actually recorded in the official weekly bulletin of the Casino at Monte Carlo itself—like the sporting results published here. So, thoughts flew across the sea, to that distant spot 12,000 miles away—and I determined to get there.

More capital was needed than I possessed, but I knew a few friends willing to join in such an attractive-looking venture.

However, before embarking upon the enterprise—not such a rash one as you might think—I submitted the whole plan to the Examiner in Mathematics at the University of Melbourne, where I had been a student. He said he had a strong initial bias against the possibility of *any*

betting system succeeding at Roulette. But, after examining it as a mathematician, he wrote a report, which changed his original view and commended the System. So it appeared that I had a better chance of defeating the Bank than it had of defeating me. I still treasure that report.

Armed with *this blessing*, a small party of us felt justified in setting out for Monte Carlo, where we duly arrived.



Entrance to the Casino.

The Casino is a glorious palace, set in a scene of great beauty on the Mediterranean coast, and is in the Principality of Monaco, an independent State, with an importance out of all proportion to its size—it is only 8 square miles in extent. It is ruled by a Prince, who lives there in his own private palace. He's got an army of 100 soldiers—and *I think*, maybe, they have a cannon. This sounds like comic opera, but it's real, and actually exists in Europe, in the south of France.

Anyhow, this Prince of Monaco is a good fellow to his people, for he makes the Casino support everything. All public services, such as water supply, sanitation, lighting, etc., are free to everybody, and—think of it—there is *no taxation!*

You see, it's the visitors from the outside world who supply the money to pay for all *those blessings*. But, the *local inhabitants* are forbidden entry to the Casino; its doors are rigorously closed to them. No rates and taxes—no play.

The Casino itself, with its rich decorations, its superb columns of polished granite supporting the roof, its walls and ceilings covered with paintings, carvings, statuary groups—and the high-class orchestral concerts daily provided free in a beautiful opera house within the walls—and all this with the added charm of well-dressed femininity from all countries, made fascinating surroundings in which to lose your money.

The roulette tables are, of course, the principal attraction, and the main reason for the existence of the Casino. There are 25 of these, each able to accommodate 100 people, seated and standing up around. The accessories are simple. A large wheel with 37 numbered divisions, coloured alternately red and black (except Zero, which is, of no colour), into one of which a small white ball when spun must fall. Stakes, placed on divisions marked on the green cloth of the table and corresponding to the numbers and colours on the wheel, win or lose according to the result of the spin.

The croupiers have pretty little rakes with a long reach—to gather in all the money—one of them spins the wheel—another handles the

cash — others assist from the ends of the long table in placing stakes, etc., and there is also for each table a supervisor (called the Chef de Table) whose job is to settle disputes and see that everyone get fair play. The world-wide popularity of the establishment can thus be readily understood.

The game itself is a perfectly fair one, and is scrupulously conducted. The *chances* of the game between the Bank and the players are *very nearly*, but not *quite, equal*. The Bank has in its *favour* a *small advantage* over the player of less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and only make its profit, through the medium of Zero, on the average turnover of perhaps 100 millions a year.

Now, it is obvious that everybody who plays does not lose — for you are at liberty to leave the table at any time, *winning* or losing. The Bank alone plays *all* the time. And, under the law of averages, not more than 51 out of every 100 players ought to lose, and not less than 49 out of every 100 players ought to win. And my system, calculated to counteract and offset the Bank's small advantage, was going to secure my being among the winning 49.

Well, before starting play, our party had an agreement to divide up the first thousand pounds won, and so save our joint capital sum of the same amount. We would then have *Casino* money to play with.

The daily hours of play were long — too long — from 10 a.m. till 1 o'clock the next morning — 15 hours. As leader and director of play I was very anxious for success, and felt the responsibility so heavily that for three whole days, in spite of fatigue, I stayed at the table without a spell, and the others took turn about at assisting — it needed two persons, working together, to play the System. At the end of the third day's play — 1 a.m. — we came home and counted the funds, which had been steadily growing. We had no less than one thousand eight hundred pounds — a profit of £800. I went to bed exhausted, but with that sum safely under my pillow. But the strain had been too great, and when morning came I was too ill to continue.

That was the critical moment for

us all, and it was wrongly used. If my companions had had any sense, they would have banked the money and suspended operations until I recovered.

But all were so excited at our success, they decided to go on. I was too ill to resist, and they appointed a certain member to be deputy leader, and took the £1800 to the Casino. At the end of two more days they had lost £1600 of it, so a halt was called — too late, of course.

On my recovering in a few days, I investigated the records of play — which were strictly kept — and it was soon discovered that the deputy, who directed the staking according

be able to form a new syndicate with a larger capital, and we would all have shares in it.

We reluctantly agreed to this — there seemed nothing better to do — and off he went. Suffice it to say — and it is almost too sad to be told — we have not seen either him or the £200 ever since — and that was thirty years ago. And so the Bank was saved from threatened destruction — the "Dead March" was played on our campaign — and the syndicate then disbanded.

By way of a little diversion, let me give you some sidelights on life at the Casino, which may be of interest:—

I sat next to a lady one day at the Tables, and she liked betting on the single numbers, which paid handsome odds of 35 to 1, if you could pick the winning number out of 37 chances. On this occasion she put a five franc piece (English 4/-) on the number 17, which is



One of the large gaming salons. This one contains five double tables. The wheel is in the centre with a lay-out table on either side. Notice the high seat on each side for the "Chefs de Table."

to system figures, had got scared at an adverse run of events which was being experienced, and he had staked the money directly against the rules of the system. So the loss of capital and winnings was at once explained.

On further investigation it was found that if the system had been strictly adhered to, we would have won the £200 needed to bring our winnings up to the required £1000, and so save our capital. Thus a glorious opportunity was lost.

As to the gentleman who had done us such a bad turn, he admitted his fault, but put a new proposition to us. As the soundness of the system had been demonstrated to him, he said if we would let him take the remaining capital of £200 to London, where he knew many sporting men of means, he would

right in the middle of the table layout. The wheel spun, and number 17 won, and she was paid £7. She staked the whole £7 on the number 17 again, and for the second time it won, and this time she received no less than £252. She then played up the whole of the money on number 17 and every combination with number 17 that could be backed, to the betting limit, which even the Casino has to impose — which shows it is vulnerable. Well, to everyone's amazement, number 17 won for the third time in succession. The odds against such a thing happening are enormous — nearly 50,000 to 1. Yet it happened — and does happen. A number has been known to come up five times in succession, though the odds are many millions to one against it.

(Continued on Page 13.)

MINISTERIAL BUENOS CIGARS

- A remarkably fragrant Cigar at a moderate price.
- These Cigars are manufactured from genuine Havana leaf, carefully blended with selected Sumatra leaf.
- An exclusive Cigar well worth the attention of Members.

J. T. HACKETT ALEX. WILLIAMS

Members of Tattersall's Club, Sydney; Victorian Club, Melbourne; and Tattersall's Club, Perth, W.A. Our reputation stands alone for Largest Amounts, Liberal Prices, and Prompt Settlings.

Clients are particularly requested on Race Days to make all telegrams "Urgent." Operating on all Government Licensed Racecourses.

Address Communications:

J. Hackett, Sydney. Cable Address:
"HACKWILL," Sydney.



KEEP FIT

Become a Regular Patron of the Pool and Gym.

'Phones: FM 1425 and FM 1475.



W. GLAZEBROOK

POULTERERS

50 Cross Street, Double Bay

English Game always on Hand.
Hotels and Restaurants Supplied.

CHARLES KINSELA

PTY. LIMITED

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

Established 1830

SERVICE WITH
ECONOMY.

DAY AND NIGHT
SERVICE.

OXFORD STREET
TAYLOR SQUARE
DARLINGHURST.

'Phones FL 4136-7-8

C. H. W. KINSELA, Governing Director.

Austral Providores Co.

FOR QUALITY, SERVICE AND CIVILITY.

Hotel and Shipping Suppliers.

Fruit, Vegetable and Produce Merchants.

Importers and Exporters.

29 LACKEY STREET, HAYMARKET.

'Phones : MA 4227 (3 lines).

BEDROOM RATES

Front Room with Bath, including breakfast 12/6 per day

Inner Room with Bath, including breakfast 10/6 per day

Remainder of Rooms, including breakfast 8/- per day

The Story of a Campaign Against the Bank of Monte Carlo

(Continued from Page 11.)

Well, what do you think this lady did? Faint, or get a stroke? No. Without a trace of excitement during the 8 or 10 minutes her winnings were being calculated, she calmly scooped the £3000 odd she had now won into her capacious bag, got up and walked out, and was not seen again.

Another item: This will tell how they deal with *cheating* at the tables. Of course, numbers of such gentry come there in the hope of an easy harvest. But the play is closely watched by the supervisors. When a spin is decided, winnings are pushed over by the rakes of the croupiers and put alongside the stakes which won them, to be lifted from the table by the respective owners. This is the instant for the cheat to try his act. An owner's hand reaches over to take his or her winnings, but the cheat's hand goes over at the same time and claims the money. Seeing two claimants for one bet, the supervisor suggests gently, "But one of you is making a mistake — is it not *so*?" But both insist, "It is *mine*." And if one or other does not then withdraw the Chef de Table instructs the croupier to pay *each* of them. This is the policy of the Casino, not to have an unpleasant scene at the tables. But they generally have a good idea, and the suspected cheat is watched and is sure to be caught at it again, when he is

quietly invited to step into the Administration office, where he is told, in the inimitable French way, that the Administration infinitely regrets that he can never again be allowed to favour the Casino with a visit. And the guilty one is glad to escape so cheaply. And so is the Casino to get rid of him.

Lastly. This item relates to what is known as "Breaking the Bank." *There is really no such thing.* What happens is this: Each of the 25 tables is supplied daily, at the commencement of play, with £3000 capital in cash. If a big gambler has a run of luck, he can win a very large sum, even many times £3000, on one spin of the wheel. When such a moment arrives, the play at that table is suspended — but only for a sufficient time to get enough money to pay *him*, and *recoup the till*. So electric bells ring, for everyone to hear — an imposing funkey bears a command from the Chef de Table to the Vaults — and a box with a further £3,000 or more is ceremoniously marched to the "bankrupt" table — and the game goes on. The incident is promptly published, and cabled abroad as "Breaking the Bank." But it is a small thing against the resources of the Bank, and is a magnificent advertisement for the Casino.

And now my story is told, with just this little to add:—

Homeward bound, moneyless, but still happy, on the French mail steamer calling to Bombay, I chatted with a fellow passenger whose name was Godwin.

He was going to India with his two daughters (both attractive lasses) on a vaudeville circuit.

We got exchanging yarns, and I told him of the experiences I have just related to you. I remarked that mine reminded me of the popular song I had often heard in the music halls at Melbourne, "The Man That Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," though *I was not THAT one*. And I hummed the air.

At mention of that *his face lit up*, and he said, "Wait, and I'll show you something," and went below.

In a few minutes he returned with a copy of the very song and gave it to me — and under the title on the cover I read, "Composed by Will Godwin," and underneath that was a picture of my shipmate himself.

So, I had met and talked with the cheery soul who had many years before written —

"The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo."

Text of a recent broadcast from National Station 2BL, Sydney.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT

The Lady Gowrie Australian Red Cross Appeal

N.S.W. Division (Inc.)

— FRIDAY, 15th MARCH, 1940 —

TATTERSALL'S CLUB will conduct a STALL
in Martin Place on the above date

Location: Corner of Martin Place and Castlereagh Street

ASK FOR IT!

TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SPECIALY IMPORTED

**HOUSE
Whisky**

(*Highland Nectar*)

PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND

Bottled under the supervision
of the Commonwealth Customs

The Quality Never Varies

Billiards and Snooker

The final sentence in last month's issue of the Magazine promised a word or two this time on the vagaries of playing against the nap of the cloth.

It cannot be stressed too emphatically just how important a knowledge of this aspect of billiards be known to the striker. And, strange to relate, this point is rarely touched on by those who proffer advice to newcomers.

It is no unusual experience to hear players condemn a table as being untrue during the first game after it has been "true'd up."

What is more, they will provide an ocular demonstration by playing a slow shot down the table.

To lookers-on the ball will deviate very considerably from its obvious course and the table "fixer" is immediately placed in the booby class except by those who have had the advantage of learning something about nap and its effects.

Playing Against the Nap.

Playing against the nap is full of pitfalls. True, everything is plain sailing if you strike hard, but when a very slow shot is played, the cue-ball will always play pranks by changing direction.

Be it always remembered that the nap of the cloth offers a slight resistance to a ball travelling against it, and if hit slowly without side, the ball turns a little from the centre of the table.

This factor is helpful to snooker players in acute-angled middle-pocket potting against the nap, for where it would seem normally impossible to squeeze into a particularly narrow opening the ball is "eased" into it by the slight curve towards the side cushion.

When striking against the nap with side imparted to the cue-ball things become a bit Irish, for if you use right-hand side the ball will turn to the left and vice-versa for left-hand side.

There is no golden rule to overcome the anomaly—it is purely a matter of practice and concentration during the periods of experimenting.

To test the matter try and fire a ball very slowly into one of the bottom pockets. You will soon be made aware of the "drift" but don't fall into the common error of blaming the table. "Very slowly" is intended to convey just sufficient strength to enable the distance to be covered.

Again, by way of experiment, place the cue-ball on the billiard spot and try to fire very slowly into the centre pocket on either side of the table. Here a fine example can be given—allow for the drift by



Percy Smith, popular member, fortunately now recovering from a serious illness, who thinks there is no game to compare with billiards.

aiming at the far pocket-jaw and results should be happy. And, that is how to pot into the centre-pockets!

Next, place the cue-ball close to the jaws of the centre pocket and play slowly into the bottom pocket on the opposite side of the table. It will be "wide open" to the eye, but, if you play slowly enough, you will probably miss by three inches at least.

A little experimenting will explain to the inexperienced why established cueists bang hard at some balls when a soft shot appears logical—they have learned their lesson and now are called upon to concede points to those who have either never learned, or perhaps never suspected, such traps for the unwary. The champions play softly when

they can but not when knowledge portends danger.

One final word—don't play too softly if you are not fully aware of requirements.

Billiardists Rendering Service.

Last month it was detailed how Walter Lindrum, in an exhibition match, had raised over £400 for Melbourne Lord Mayor's Patriotic Appeal Fund.

His English confreres are following suit in a big way and Walter is now hot on his second edition with a challenge to a group of jockeys who consider themselves "Knights of the Cue."

The champion is to meet them on a time limit basis, will concede twelve thousand points start and also play on a thousand break. That's another record and one we could hardly have ever anticipated.

In England, Joe Davis, world's snooker champion, and who stayed with us a few years back, recently gave an exhibition in London and the Red Cross Fund benefited by £278. Now the popular Joseph has betaken unto himself the task of raising £3,000 during the year for the same worthy cause.

He is not alone in the scheme of things. All the leading professionals are lending a hand and a snooker-golf match has been arranged between Davis and Newman against Henry Cotton and Archie Compston. A goodly sum is anticipated.

Sidney Smith is organising a huge billiards tournament to last one week and "£100 in One Week" has been adopted for the slogan. And, that is not all.

The T.B.H. (Temperance Billiards Halls) of England have undertaken to raise £20,000 from cueists during the current year and have applied to the authorities for permission to give Sunday Night exhibitions. Membership of this organisation runs to something round the half million mark.

It all makes excellent reading and shows the habitudes of the green cloth in very favourable light.

CHATEAU BELMONT SAUTERNES

Chateau
Bottling

Chateau
Bottling



*The Ideal Light Wine for your
Fish Luncheon*

Pool Splashes

After a respite of a week in order to get over the holidays, the Swimming Club went into action again early last month and the sprinters showed they had lost none of their dash during the festivities.

Star of the month was Edwards, whose record included a first and a second in three races and with one event to complete the January Point Score he had a lead over Hans Robertson, who seems to be going as well as ever.

As a matter of fact if Hans had been able to turn up for one of the finals he would almost surely have been in the lead. But that's just the luck of the game.

Hard luck story of the month was that of Ivor Stanford, who in the final of a Brace Relay Handicap bumped another racer so hard at the turn that he had to throw in the sponge and his waiting partner, Vic. Richards, did not get a swim at all.

Best times were: 40 yards: V. Richards, 19 2/5; Hans Robertson,

20 1/5; W. S. Edwards, 20 3/5. 60 yards: H. Robertson, 31 4/5.

Noted in great form was Norman Barrell, who notched a win in a Brace Relay with Edwards at his first appearance after a spell.

Star items of the N.S.W. Swimming Championships in January were the clashes between Bill Kendall and Robin Biddulph, things ending up all square as the latter beat Bill rather unexpectedly over 110 yards only to go down over 220 yards.

Once again the championships showed how far we in Australia are still behind world standards and the worst of it was that amongst the juniors the form was not really promising.

Since then the press has boosted various youngsters who have been reported to have done remarkable times for their ages, and in one case to have beaten Charlton's best at the same age.

Let us hope that like Charlton the lad goes on improving each year

and emulates the big chap's record, even though he will have to go faster than Charlton in order to keep up with the record-smashing orgies all over the world.

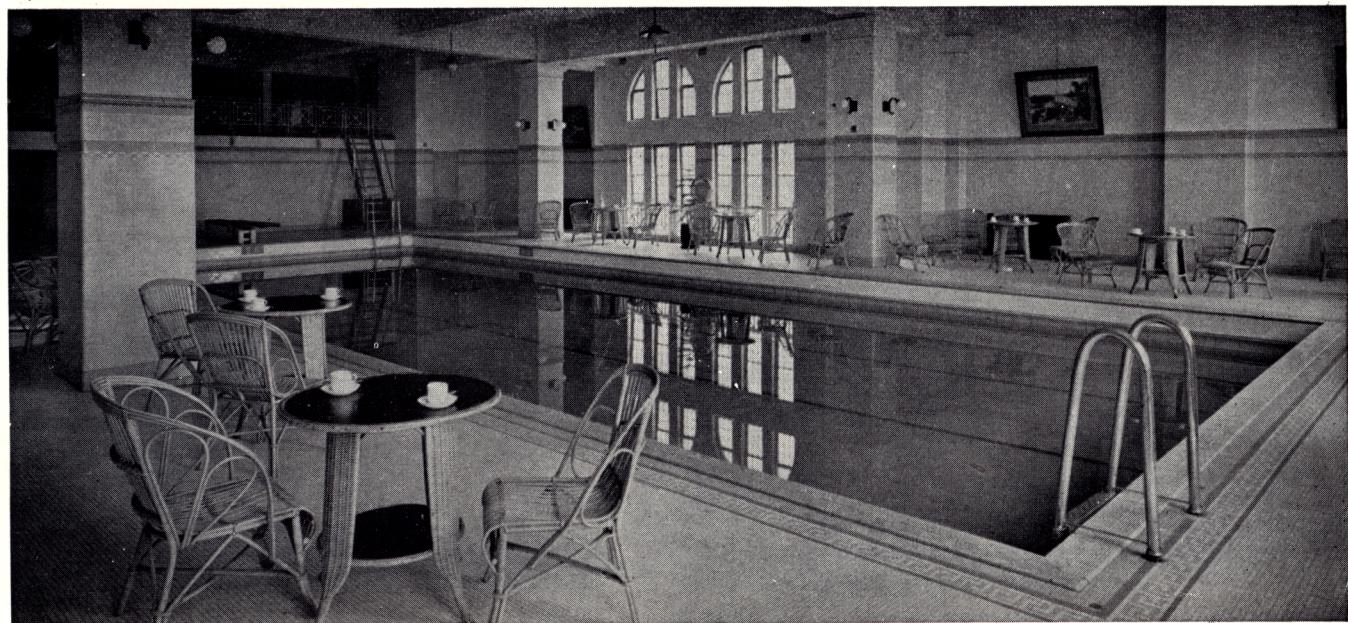
Except in U.S.A. it is not likely that during the immediate future swimming and other athletic records will go west as athletes in most other parts of the world will be taken up with more serious and far less enjoyable things.

During the 1914-18 War period America produced Norman Ross, the big Illinois Athletic Club man who smashed all the records in the latter years of the War and made almost a clean sweep of the Inter-Allied Games Championships in Paris in 1919 only missing in the 800 metres Relay won by Australia.

Later Ross came to Australia and a list of records went, but he did meet defeat here at the hands and feet of Frank Beaurepaire, the David who toppled so many visiting Goliaths.

Outside Beaurepaire, Ross met

(Continued on Page 18.)



The Club Swimming Pool

POOL SPLASHES

(Continued from Page 17.)

with little opposition here and in some quarters he was most unpopular, probably because he made up his mind to certain courses which did not suit everybody, but the writer found him a charming chap.

His ideas on perfect standardised strokes and coaching on such lines did not tend to popularise him with believers in such. In a letter from Chicago he stated his opinion to the writer as: "They swim all sorts of ways, if they've got the old motor inside them they'll be champions, if they haven't, well, not all the coaching will make them."

What Ross said 'way back in 1921 is probably true to-day, for as each champion comes along with a new stroke he does something that is in direct contrast to the way the last champion got his speed and the coaches have to revise their ideas. Like racehorses, champions are born, not made.

Dewar Cup.

A good January has put Winston Edwards on top of the Dewar Cup ladder with a $5\frac{1}{2}$ points lead over Vic. Richards, whilst George Goldie retains third place, but only a half-point ahead of Sam Block.

George McGilvray is only another half-point astern and they are all well in the running as there are over five months to go before the final numbers are hoisted.

Scorers of over 20 points in order, are:—

W. S. Edwards 54 $\frac{1}{2}$, V. Richards 49, G. Goldie 45 $\frac{1}{2}$, A. S. Block 45, G. McGilvray 44 $\frac{1}{2}$, C. Godhard 40 $\frac{1}{2}$, R. Payne 38, B. Partridge 35 $\frac{1}{2}$, C. D. Tarrant 31, J. Dexter 31, J. Buckle 30, T. H. English 27 $\frac{1}{2}$, I. Stanford 26, H. Robertson 20 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Events down for decision in February are:

February 1st: 40 Yards Handicap.
 February 8th: 60 Yards Handicap.
 February 15th: 80 Yards Brace Relay Handicap.
 February 22nd: 40 Yards Handicap.
 February 29th: 40 Yards Handicap.

Results.

January 4th: 40 yards Handicap: I. Stanford (28) 1, W. S. Edwards (22) 2. Time 27 2/5 secs.

January 11th: 60 yards Handicap: C. Godhard (39) 1, A. S. Block (40) 2, H. Robertson (33) 3. Time 37 4/5 secs.

January 18th: 80 yards Brace Relay Handicap: W. S. Edwards and N. Barrell (49) 1, H. Robertson and C. D. Tarrant (44) 2, A. S. Block and J. Buckle (47) 3. Time 46 secs.

January Point Score: With one race to complete the series the leaders are:

W. S. Edwards 18 $\frac{1}{2}$, H. Robertson 17, A. S. Block 16, I. Stanford 13, V. Richards 12, C. Godhard 11, G. Goldie 10.

BLOCKADE

In examining the situation in a war of this kind we must always remember that it is a struggle between sea power and land power. The French and British armies on the western front are defending one part, a very important part but nevertheless only a part, of a frontier behind which sea power is operated and supplied. The victories of sea power are rarely spectacular. The conquest of Poland has been more dramatic than the victory of the British Navy in driving Germany off the sea. But unless all experience is to be set at naught, every victory on land is indecisive as against a nation which retains command of the seas. In the end the land-locked power gives way to the sea power.

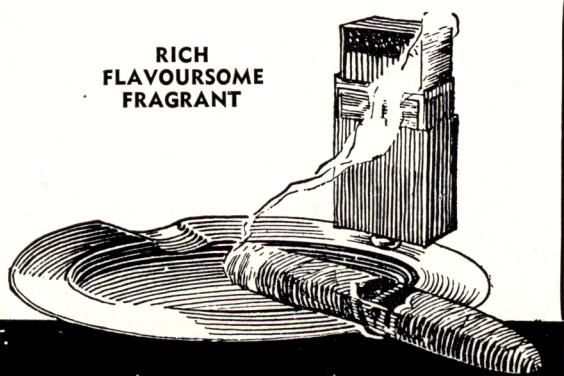
Reading the newspapers in 1807-1808, it would have been hard to believe that this was so. Napoleon, then at the height of his success, was master of France, of Northern Italy and of the Kingdom of Naples. His brother Louis was King of Holland. His brother Joseph was King of Spain. Poland supplied him with troops for his army. The German states and Austria were beaten. The Czar of Russia was his friend and ally. But England had won the command of the seas at Trafalgar. Though Napoleon was master of the whole Continent, the sea power of England still denied him a victorious peace. Under the aegis of that sea power, England at last organised in Europe the coalition which overthrew Napoleon at Waterloo.

Club Reil CIGARS

There's nothing to compare with the mellow mildness of Club Reil Cigars. Their fragrant aroma will please you. Made of selected, rich Havana leaf and specially blended to suit the Australian palate. The smoke of the connoisseur!

DISTRIBUTORS:

CRAIG & AITKEN PTY. LTD. 654 GEORGE ST.
SYDNEY



The Mother State

A Chateau Tanunda Historical Feature

SERIES No. 45.

Do You Know?

● THAT we have the finest indoor Swimming Pool in Australia, with sunlight, fresh air and sparkling water.

● THAT any man can, and every man should, learn to swim. It's easy, healthful, beneficial. The Attendant in the Pool will teach you free of charge.

● THAT you can take that cold out of your system by spending an hour or so in the Turkish Bath. It's a cheap and pleasant method.

● THAT Duo - Therapy Treatment is now available to members in the Athletic Department.

● THAT you cannot find a more comfortable home than the Club when the family is away. Moderate rates, continuous service.



Near this point Coal was first discovered on the South Coast.
Part of the worked seam is visible on the right.

DISCOVERY OF COAL

POSSIBLY there was more romance in the circumstances under which coal was discovered than was the case in the discovery of any of the other great natural resources of Australia. In discoveries both to the north and south of Sydney pursuit of escaping convicts or the wandering of shipwrecked seamen was responsible for bringing under notice the presence of huge deposits of coal.

ALTHOUGH little attention was paid to it at the time, the first discovery of coal was made by a party of escaping convicts led by William Bryant, who seized a fishing boat and sailed to the northward during March, 1791. Some thirty-six hours' sail north of Sydney they were forced to make a landing on the beach where a considerable quantity of coal was found lying loose on the surface. As the exact locality where the discovery was made was very uncertain and also by reason of the fact that the supposed discovery had been made by escaping convicts, very little importance was attached to their reports. In 1796 convict fishermen brought some pieces of coal to Sydney which they claimed to have found in a bay near Port Stephens; they also seemed very uncertain of the precise locality.

THE next discovery of coal, and the first report which was officially verified, was to the southward of Sydney, and was made under most romantic circumstances. A small ship, the "Sydney Cove," which was bound from Bengal to Sydney, was wrecked on the Furneaux group of islands in Bass Straits, on February 9, 1797. A few days later the long boat set sail for Sydney with seventeen of the shipwrecked crew, among whom were Mr Clark, the supercargo, and the chief mate. This party encountered further misfortune when the long boat was wrecked near Gabo Island on March 2. Al. managed to reach the shore and set out to walk to Sydney. They began this long walk on March 15, but only three survived the dangers and privations of the march. These were picked up by a fishing boat a little to the south of Port Hacking and brought to Sydney on May 15.

IN Collins' "Account of New South Wales" we are told of the discovery of coal by this party—"Mr. Clark, the supercargo of the ship Sydney Cove, having mentioned that, two days before he had been met by the people in the fishing boat, he had fallen in with a great quantity of coal, with which he and his companions made a large fire, and had slept by it during the night, a whale boat was sent

off to the southward with Mr. Bass, the surgeon of the Reliance, to discover where an article so valuable was to be met with. He proceeded about seven leagues to the southward of Point Solander, where he found, in the face of a steep cliff, washed about six feet, and extending eight or nine miles to the southward. Upon the summit of the high land, and lying on the surface, he observed many patches of coal, from some of which it must have been that Mr. Clark was so conveniently supplied with fuel . . . By the specimens of the coal which was brought in by Mr. Bass, the quality appeared to be good; but, from its almost inaccessible situation, no great advantage could ever be expected from it; and indeed, were it even less difficult to be procured, unless some small harbour should be near it, it could not be of much utility to the settlement."

IT was in September of the same year that a band of convicts seized the "Cumberland" during a voyage to the Hawkesbury. As soon as information of this reached Sydney, two boats, under the command of Lieutenant Shortland, set off in pursuit. "One of these boats," wrote Collins, "returned in a few days, without having seen anything of them, but Lieutenant Shortland proceeded with the other, a whale boat, as far as Port Stephens, where he thought it probable they might have taken shelter; but on the 19th, having been absent thirteen days, he returned without discovering the smallest trace of them or the boat. His pursuit, however, had not been without its advantage; for on his return he entered a river which he named Hunter River, about ten leagues to the southward of Port Stephens, into which he carried three fathoms water, in the shoalest part of its entrance, finding deep water and good anchorage within. The entrance of this river was but narrow, and covered by a high rocky island . . . In this harbour was found a very considerable quantity of coal of a very good sort, and lying so near the water-side as to be conveniently shipped; which gave it, in this particular, a manifest advantage over that discovered to the southward. Some specimens of this coal were brought up in the boat."

THE next article of this Series will be devoted to the story of the early development of the coalfields both to the north and south of Sydney.

RACING FIXTURES

1940.

•

FEBRUARY.

Moorefield Saturday, 3rd
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 7th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 10th
 Ascot Wednesday, 14th
 Ascot Saturday, 17th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 21st
 Moorefield Saturday, 24th
 Hawkesbury Wednesday, 28th

MARCH.

Rosehill Saturday, 2nd
 Kensington Wednesday, 6th
 Rosehill Saturday, 9th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 13th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 16th
 Ascot Wednesday, 20th
 Australian Jockey Club, Sat., 23rd
 Australian Jockey Club, Mon., 25th
 Australian Jockey Club, Wed., 27th
 Australian Jockey Club, Sat., 30th

APRIL.

Rosebery Wednesday, 3rd
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 6th
 Kensington Wednesday, 10th
 City Tattersall's Saturday, 13th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 17th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 20th
 Ascot Wednesday, 24th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 27th

MAY.

Hawkesbury Wednesday, 1st
 Moorefield Saturday, 4th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 8th
Tattersall's Club **Saturday, 11th**
 Kensington Wednesday, 15th

MAY—Continued.

Canterbury Park Saturday, 18th
 Rosehill Wednesday, 22nd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 25th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 29th

JUNE.

Canterbury Park Saturday, 1st
 Ascot Wednesday, 5th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 8th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 12th
 Australian Jockey Club, Sat., 15th
 Australian Jockey Club, Mon., 17th
 Kensington Wednesday, 19th
 Rosehill Saturday, 22nd
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 26th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 29th

JULY.

Ascot Wednesday, 3rd
 Kensington Saturday, 6th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 10th
 Moorefield Saturday, 13th
 Kensington Wednesday, 17th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 20th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 24th
 Rosebery Saturday, 27th
 Ascot Wednesday, 31st

AUGUST.

Moorefield Saturday, 3rd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Mon., 5th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 7th
 Rosehill Saturday, 10th
 Kensington Wednesday, 14th
 Victoria Park Saturday, 17th
 Ascot Wednesday, 21st
 Moorefield Saturday, 24th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 28th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 31st

SEPTEMBER.

Rosebery Wednesday, 4th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 7th
 Kensington Wednesday, 11th

SEPTEMBER—Continued.

Tattersall's Club **Saturday, 14th**
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 18th
 Rosehill Saturday, 21st
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Wed., 25th
 Hawkesbury Saturday, 28th

OCTOBER.

Ascot Wednesday, 2nd
 Australian Jockey Club, Sat., 5th
 Australian Jockey Club, Mon., 7th
 (Eight-Hours Day)
 Australian Jockey Club, Wed., 9th
 Australian Jockey Club, Sat., 12th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 16th
 City Tattersall's Saturday, 19th
 Kensington Wednesday, 23rd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 26th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 30th

NOVEMBER.

Moorefield Saturday, 2nd
 Ascot Wednesday, 6th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 9th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 13th
 Rosehill Saturday, 16th
 Kensington Wednesday, 20th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 23rd
 Rosebery Monday, 25th
 Howkesbury Wednesday, 27th
 Rosehill Saturday, 30th

DECEMBER.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Wed., 4th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 7th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 11th
 Rosehill Saturday, 14th
 Ascot Wednesday, 18th
 Australian Jockey Club, Sat., 21st
 Australian Jockey Club, Thurs., 26th
 (Boxing Day)
Tattersall's Club **Saturday, 28th**

1941

JANUARY.

Tattersall's Club **Wednesday, 1st**

GRAN
MANUFACTURA
DE TABACOS



DIAZ, HNOS Y C^A (SUCEORES)

INDEPENDENT FACTORY

FLOR DE A. ALLONES

MADE IN HAVANA

The finest Cigar Leaf in the world, is grown on the Island of Cuba, and the pick of this leaf is produced in a small area in the west of the island known as Vuelta Abajo.

It is from this area that the leaf used in the manufacture of the famous FLOR DE A. ALLONES Cigars is grown.

FLOR DE A. ALLONES Cigars are grown, blended and manufactured in Havana. They are recognised by connoisseurs throughout the world, as the most perfect cigar, their quality never varying.

THE FLOR DE A. ALLONES Cigar is produced in eight shapes, the craftsmanship and quality of each being perfection itself. FLOR DE A. ALLONES are Imported direct from Havana, by TATTERSALL'S CLUB.

Representatives

McLAUGHLIN & CO. PTY. LTD.
185 CLARENCE STREET, SYDNEY. 'Phone: M 4865.

There's a Reason for it!

The demand for up-to-date well-printed-Labels and Wrappers proves that Manufacturers realise that

**A Good Article must have
a Good Appearance**

LET US SHOW YOU WHAT WE CAN DO

Ross Brothers Pty. Limited

ESTABLISHED 1862

Colour and General Printers, Carton Manufacturers

545-547 Kent Street, SYDNEY Telephone M 4955 (3 lines)

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

MAY RACE MEETING

Saturday, May 11th, 1940

THE HURDLE RACE.

A Handicap of £250, second £50, third £25 from the prize. The winner of any Hurdle Race or Steeple-chase after the declaration of weights to carry 7lb. extra. Nomination 10/-; Acceptance 10/-.
ABOUT ONE MILE AND THREE-QUARTERS.

THE TWO-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.

(For Two-Year-Old Colts and Geldings.)

A Handicap of £400, second £65, third £35 from the prize. Nomination £1; Acceptance £3.
FIVE AND A HALF FURLONGS.

THE TWO-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.

(For Two-Year-Old Fillies.)

A Handicap of £400, second £65, third £35 from the prize. Nomination £1; Acceptance £3.
FIVE AND A HALF FURLONGS.

THE FLYING HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £500, second £100, third £50 from the prize. Nomination £1; Acceptance £4.
SIX FURLONGS

THE NOVICE HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £300, second £50, third £25 from the prize. For all horses which have never at time of starting won a flat race or races (Maiden Race excepted) of the total value to the winner of more than £50. Nomination £1; acceptance £2.

ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

THE JAMES BARNES PLATE.

A Handicap of £750 and trophy valued at £20, presented by James Barnes, Esq., to be selected by owner of winner; second £125, third £75 from the prize. Also gold mounted whip valued at £5, presented by James Barnes, Esq., to rider of winner. Nomination £1; Acceptance £6/10/-.

ONE MILE AND THREE FURLONGS.

THE WELTER HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £400, second £65, third £35 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 8st. Nomination £1; Acceptance £3.

ONE MILE.

NOMINATIONS for the above races are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney; the Secretary, N.J.C. Newcastle; or Mr. Gordon Lockington, 491 Bourke Street, Melbourne, before 4 p.m. on

MONDAY, APRIL 29th, 1940

Nominations for the above races shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force, and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

Amount of Nomination Fee must accompany each nomination. If nominations are made by telegram the amount of fee must be telegraphed.

The Committee reserve the right to refuse any nomination.

PENALTIES:—In all flat races a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3 lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5 lb.; over £100, 7 lb.

WEIGHTS to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 6th May, 1940.

ACCEPTANCES for all races are due before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 9th May, 1940, with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, only.

The Committee reserve the power from time to time to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the date of running, the sequence of the races, time of starting and the time for taking nominations, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, and in the event of the false rail being used, races will be run at "ABOUT" the distance advertised.

157 Elizabeth Street.
SYDNEY.

T. T. MANNING,
Secretary.